Master Negative Storage Number

OCI00040.28

The Woodman

Stirling [Scotland]

[1826?]

Reel: 40 Title: 28

BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD TARGET
PRESERVATION OFFICE
CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY

RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
MICROFILMING PROJECT, PHASE IV
JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION

Master Negative Storage Number: OC100040.28

Control Number: BCX-8337
OCLC Number : 13966434
Call Number : W PN970.E5 WOODx
Title : The Woodman : to which are added, The galley slave, I'm weel sair'd wi' spunk, Jock of Hazeldean, William's farewell, Jenny the maid of the moor, Oh! lady fair.
Imprint : Stirling [Scotland] : Printed and sold ... by W. Macnie, [1826?]
Format : 8 p. ; 16 cm.
Note : Without music.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Title vignette.
Subject : Songs, Scots.
Subject : Chapbooks, Scottish.
Added Entry : Macnie, William.

MICROFILMED BY
PRESERVATION RESOURCES (BETHLEHEM, PA)
On behalf of the
Preservation Office, Cleveland Public Library
Cleveland, Ohio, USA
Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 9-1-94
Camera Operator: CG

The Woodman;

To which are added,

The Galley Slave,
I'm weel sair'd wi' spunk,
Jock of Hazeldean,
William's Farewell,
Jenny the Maid of the Moor,
Oh! Lady Fair.

STIRLING:
Printed and Sold, Wholesale and Retail,
By W. MAGNIE, Bookseller

THE WOODMAN.

—

The Woodman's life, tho' doom'd to toil,
  Is blest beyond what wealth can give;
And dear to him his native soil,
  That bids him independent live.
And if a care the morning knows,
  That frowns upon his humble lot,
How sweet at eve the calm repose,
  That smiles upon the woodman's cot.

At early day he loves to hear
  The cheerful song that swells around;
The sweetest music to his ear,—
  To list the falling axe around.
And tho' some care his labour knows,
  Yet health and freedom are his lot;
And sweet at eve the calm repose,
  That smiles upon the woodman's cot.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

Oh, think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd,
  Was as happy as happy could be,
But pleasure is fled, even hope is destroy'd,
  A captive, alas! on the sea.

what PN 970.E5 HAUG 3X no.3

I was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate,
To tear me from her I adore,
When thought brings to mind my once happy state,
I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate, oh, how galling my chain,
My life's steer'd by misery's chart;
And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my sad heart.
I disdain e'en to shrink, though I feel the sharp lash;
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore,
While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,
I sigh and tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives; I had pleasure in tow,
The port where she dwelt we'd in view;
But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe,
And, dear Anna, I hurried from you.
Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
To behold my dear Anna no more,
But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay,
He sigh'd and expir'd at the oar.

I'M WEEL SAIR'D WI' SPUNK.

I'm weel sair'd wi' spunk, and I'm braid, and I'm brawny,
I'll dare the warst blast that roars over yon law,
And I hope to see grey hairs to set me down canny,
And crack o'er my summer, and winter and a'.
Leeze me on eild! it's sae canty and hearty,
To see the auld cairls wi' bonnets sae gran';

How they'll joke wi' the daftest, and laugh wi' the loudest,
While the fire lights their eyes, like a flash in the pan.

There's Mungo M'Farlane, the laird o' Drumgarlin,
A birsy auld hero o' fourscore and five,
But he'll wield his lang arm, and he'll knock down his story,
And keep his ain grun' wi' the gleggest alive.
There's Michael the sodger, wha fought wi' the rebels,
And lost his best leg just a wee or they ran;
But he has ane o' wud, and he gars it play thud,
And whar there's a stour Michael's aye in the van.

There's auld Davie Currie, and Laurie his cousin,
They have seen better days, and had siller and lear;
But they're aff-hand and jolly, and wisdom and honour,
Fu' nobly are trac'd on their foreheads sae bare.
Here's t'ye M'Farlane, here's t'ye my heroes,
The vale o' the kintra, weel wurdie a can;
Ye're the relics and proofs o' our auld Scottish nation;
O! the crony o' cronies, a cracky auld man.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride.

And ye shall be his bride, lady,
  Sae comely to be seen;"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
  For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
  And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
  And Lord of Langley-dale.
His step is first in peaceful ha',
  His sword in battle keen:"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
  For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
  Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettel'd hound, nor manag'd hawk,
  Nor palfrey fresh and fair.
And you, the foremost o' them a',
  Shall ride our foremost queen:—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
  For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide—
  The tapers glimmer'd fair—
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
  And dame and knight are there.
They sought her both by bower and ha'—
  The lady was not seen;
She's o'er the border and awa'
  Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

WILLIAM'S FAREWELL.

'Twas when the sun's declining beam,
Had sought it's wat'ry bed;
Its less'ning face, a sickly gleam
Of pale-ros'd blushes spread;
Young William stray'd his love to meet,
All on the silent shore:
For William sigh'd for Nancy sweet,
Whom William did adore.

With trembling arms, he clasp'd her waist,
And prest her to his heart;
What transient joys fond lovers taste,
When doom'd alas! to part.
The trickling tear in silence falls
From Nancy's love-fraught eye,
And William on his Nancy calls,
And heaves the bitter sigh.

JENNY THE MAID OF THE MOOR.

The lasses of Scotland are bonny and free,
The maidens of Erin are fair,
The sweet girls of Britain are lovely to see,
And let them deny it who dare.
But the fairest of lasses that all those surpasses,
Is Jenny the Maid of the Moor,
Sweet Jenny, dear Jenny,
Sweet Jenny the Maid of the Moor.

The lasses of Scotland are tender and true,
The maidens of Erin are kind,

The sweet girls of Britain can monarchs subdue,
And lovely in person and mind;
Yet the fairest of lasses that all those surpasses,
Is Jenny the Maid of the Moor.
Sweet Jenny, &c.

The lasses of Scotland are fam'd far and near,
The maidens of Erin breathe love,
The sweet girls of Britain to Britons are dear,
And soft as the down on the dove.
Still the fairest of lasses that all those surpasses,
Is Jenny the Maid of the Moor.
Sweet Jenny, &c.

OH! LADY FAIR.

Oh, Lady fair, where art thou roaming,
The sun is sunk, the night is coming,
Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.

And who is the man with his white locks flowing?
Oh, Lady fair, where is he going?
A wand'ring pilgrim, weak I falter,
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.

Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing,
Dreary and dark is the way we are going,
Fair Lady wait till morning blushes,
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.

Oh stranger, when my beads I'm telling,
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling,
Thou pilgrim turn and rest thy sorrow,
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.

Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling,
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling,
Strew then, oh strew our bed of rushes,
Here we shall rest till morning blushes.

FINIS.